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POETRY.

The Tyrant Sway.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,
Whate'er its hopes may be,
Is like a bark that drifts away
Upon a shoreless sea!
No compass left to guide her on,
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—
And such is life to me!

And what is life when love is fled?
The world, unshared by thee?
I'd rather slumber with the dead,
Than such a waif to be!
The bark that by no compass steers,
Is lost, which way soe'er she veers—
And such is life to me!

Song.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O, moonlight, deep and tender,
A year and more agone,
Your mist of golden splendor,
Round my betrothal shone!

O, elm leaves, dark and dewy,
The very same ye seem,
The low wind trembles through ye,
Ye murmur in my dream.

O, river, dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by,
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!

O, stars, ye saw our meeting,
Two beings and one soul,
Two hearts so madly beating
To mingle and be whole!

O, happy night, deliver
Her kisses back to me,
Or keep them all, and give her
A blissful dream of me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Weekly Dispatch.

Bread Upon the Waters.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was a gloomy room, in a crowded tenement house, low, narrow, and unwholesome; and a pale-faced child was its only inmate. She was a confirmed invalid—you might trace that in her hollow cheeks and the strange unnatural luster of her large blue eyes—the flame of life was burning low on the altar of her childish being; yet here she was alone. The old arm-chair in which she reclined, with one or two pillows, and a rude pine box, was the sole support of her tiny blue-veined feet. There was no carpet on the mouldering floor, and in more than one place door and window had yielded to the remorseless hand of decay, and presented a most dilapidated aspect. Yet all the scanty furniture was arranged as neatly as possible, and there was even some faint attempts at taste, as, in a bit of gaily-colored chintz spread over the childs foot-stool, and a solitary flower placed in the window seat, where the sunbeams could touch its emerald leaves.

That flower; it had been poor Katy's companion long. Its royal beauty and luxuriance seemed strangely out of place in the squalid, low ceiled room; yet it grew and flourished as if in the velvet sod of Bendemeer's stream. And little Katy lay back in her comfortless chair, and looked at the splendid rose which quivered like a ruby drop among the leaves, and watched the sunlight writing its golden message on the crimson folds of the blossom with a vague feeling of wonder.

It was so strange that the radient sun, whose glory lay on marble pillars and stately dwellings far away should come to peep into her lonely, lonely room.

"Is that you Jamie?" said she softly, as the door opened, and a boy of twelve came in.

"Yes. Do you feel any better, Katy? Are you tired of being left alone?" And the boy looked tenderly into her blue eyes and parted the auburn hair from her forehead, with a loving touch.

"Not very, but there is such a weary aching around my heart, and sometimes it seems all on fire. How cool your hand feels, Jamie?"

"Never mind, Katy, I've been sawing wood, and earned a whole quarter, and am going to lay it out in apples and oranges, to sell down town. I'll make a mint of money, and then won't we have a good supper when mother comes home from work? I should'nt wonder if we had a bit of cake and a bunch of grapes over and above the medicine the dispensary doctor ordered you."

Katy smiled and shook her head, as if deprecating this piece of extravagance.

"Yes, we will, Katy," resumed her brother; "tain't often we taste anything but dry bread and cheese, and I havn't forgotten that its your birthday, sis—you're ten years old to-day. Besides you need something to put a shade of color into these cheeks; the doctor said you must have something to tempt your appetite."

He bent down to kiss the marble forehead as he spoke.

"How lovely that rose is, to be sure! It's almost as good as company to you, Katy, isn't it? Are you willing I should leave you alone for a little while, dear?"

"Yes, Jamie, I don't mind it much," she answered, with a deep, weary sigh, "but be back as soon as possible, please."

And her wistful, hollow eyes watched him from the room with that earnest, startling look that we only find beneath the very shadow of Death.

Down at the piers all was confusion and uproar—busy passengers hurrying from newly-arrived boats—turbid waters dashing and rolling against mossy posts—swaying crowds, and loud, dissonant voices, created a small bedlam around the docks, and little Jamie wandered around with his board of fruit, feeling very lonely and bewildered. He had piled up the golden oranges with their sunniest side upward; he had polished the red-cheeked apples until they shone like mirrors, yet nobody stopped to buy.

"Carriage, sir? "Take you to the Astor House?" "Up Broadway in a twinkling, ma'am!" "Ere's your 'Erald, Tribune, and Times. Latest steamer from Europe! Have a paper sir?"

Poor Jamie! amid all this tumult, what chance has he of being noticed? He had picked out the very same bunch of grapes that he intended for Katy, in Taylor's window, as he came by—a plump, apoplectic bunch dangling from a crimson thread, where the sunshine lay full on the purple bloom, and amethystic shadows lurked among its fullness of fruitage. Just at present the tempting morsel seemed very far off to Jamie's imaginations.

Determined not to give way without a vigorous effort, however, Jamie stepped boldly forward to the first person he saw and held up his wares with a modest: "Buy an orange, sir?"

Now, as ill-fortune would have it, this possible customer was a fat, ill-tempered puray old man, whose color had just been inflamed to fever heat by the inadvertent descent of a heavy nailed boot heel on his favorite corn. At all times he considered orange boys a nuisance, but just now his slender quota of patience was entirely exhausted. He aimed a muttered oath and a furious blow at the fair-haired boy and rushed past, to catch a retreating omnibus.

Jamie sprang aside just in time to escape the brutal blow, but it descended full upon his stock in trade, scattering apples and oranges far and wide! He was standing close to to the pier, and most of the fruit flew into the water, where it went bobbing up and down with the tide in a most tantalizing manner. A few apples rolled under the feet of the crowd, but it was impossible to secure them again.

Jamie's first sensation was that of indignant wrath; the blood rushed in angry torrents to his cheek and brow, and he shook his small fist impotently in the direction which the fat man had taken. But in an instant a feeling of forelorn wretchedness came over him—no tempting bit of cake—no purple grapes for poor Katy—perhaps not even a supper, for he knew that his mother's wages must go towards the rent of the room. They depended entirely on his exertion for their evening meal, and the sun was declining in the west already.

The reflection was to much for his boyish heart, and he was sobbing violently when a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder. He started up, and before him stood a pleasant gentleman, who had watched the whole transaction.

"There my boy," he said, laying a silver dollar in the boy's hand palm, "that will set you up again. No thanks: the money was intended for some piece of extravagance, and I choose to use it thus. But remember this my boy; when you are pushed down in the race don't stop to rub your bruises, but pick yourself up and start again!"

Jamie thought the smile with which this was said the pleasantest and kindest expression that ever brightened a human face; but ere he could stammer out his thanks, the gentleman was gone.

The boy started for home with a light and joyous heart, stopping to purchase the cherished morsels of fruit and cake on his way. The gentleman walked leisurely up Broadway. Seeing in a bookstore the title of a newly-published work that he had much desired to read, his footsteps involuntarily turned in that direction, but in an instant he went on, buttoning up his pockets, and murmuring to himself, with a smile, "Can't afford it; one luxury in a day ought to be enough!" There was a vast difference between the man and child in their capacities for enjoyment, but both were happy that night.

The supper was a joyful ceremony in the garret room that evening. The grapes pleased Kate's delicate appetite to a charm and the story of the dollar was listened to with interest.

"I wish I could see the kind gentleman," said the child, earnestly; "I would give him my beautiful rose, if he liked flowers."

She looked strangely beautiful that night, her head resting on her brother's shoulder, while Jamie fed her with the juicy berries, one by one, as a bird might its young.

"Why, how bright the color in your cheek is," cried Jamie; "I believe you have been stealing the red shadows from your favorite rose. Mother, I am sure Katy will get well."

The next morning, while yet the golden spear of sunrise was in rest among the purple hills Katy died. * * * *

The moss of twenty years had gathered upon Katy's head-stone—the violets of twenty years had blossomed over her grave and it was a glorious autumn day, whose light streamed along the busy thoroughfare and shone on the magnificent marble erection devoted to the extensive operations of the celebrated Bank of K——.

A splendid carriage, cushioned with velvet, and glittering brightly in the sunshine was drawn up opposite the door, waiting to take the great banker to the palatial home.

The spirited horse, foaming and prancing, could hardly be curbed, and the driver looked wonderingly towards the door, and marvelled why his usually punctual master did not come.

Mr. Arnet stood in a little office opening from the main bank, where the long rows of clerks were bending over their desks He had looked over a little pocket-book, which he always carried about him for some note or bill; and, as he turned its pages, a bit of folded paper dropped out.

The banker opened it, and although twenty years had deadened the first edge of his sorrow, the tears rushed to his eyes as they fell on the contents. A pencil-sketch, rude and unfinished, of a meek-browed child—a lock of soft brown hair and that perfumed dust of crimson rose—these were dearer to the banker than his vaults of yellow gold.

As he looked on them, a tremulous voice without arrested his ear.

"I would be glad if you would buy gentlemen, for my need is very great. I have a sickly daughter at home, who must be fed."

"Be off about your business," was the sharp rejoinder. "I won't let you it. Don't you see you are not wanted here?"

The voice seemed to strike a responsive chord in the rich man's heart; surely he had heard its mild tones before. He partially opened the door, and called out sternly:

"Mr. Waters, show the gentleman in if you please."

The abashed clerk obeyed not without surprise, and the bowed old man, with his heavy basket of strawberries, came humbly into the private room of the great banker.

"Will you take a chair?" politely inquired Mr. Arnet, moving forward a luxurious *fauteuil*.

The old man took off his hat apologetically.

"Sir, I fear that I intrude on your valuable time. If you would buy some of my fruit—necessity, you know, is strong, and my poverty is extreme. I was not always in such a position."

Mr. Arnet watched the proud turn of that gray head with a singular smile; then sitting down on his desk he wrote off a check and handed it across the table.

"One thousand dollars!" faltered the old man, as he read, turning red and white in a breath. He held it toward the banker.

"Sir, I hoped you were too much of a gentleman to make sport of age and distress. Is there anything to jest about in my want?"

"Not at all, sir. You spoke of a sickly daughter. I have a cottage vacant, just outside the city, with a fountain, grounds and observatory. If you and your daughter will occupy it, rent free, I shall be very glad to have you take care of it for me."

The old man stood white and breathless, as in a dream. In an instant his hand was taken in the clasp of the great banker.

"My friend, my benefactor, you have forgotten me, but my youthful memory is stronger than yours. Is it possible that you have no remembrance of me?"

The old man shook his head.

"Yet it is folly to expect it when I am so changed. Listen, sir," he resumed, with a bright, earnest smile; "have you any recollection of a forlorn boy, on a crowded pier, whose little all was scattered by a rude blow? Have you forgotten his distress? Have you forgotten that a kind stranger stopped to comfort him, not only by money, but by cheering words?"

"Is it possible?" stammered the old man.

"Yes, it is possible; I am that forlorn boy. Your money, which that night supplied my dying sister with luxuries and pleasures, proved the stepping-stone to my princely wealth. Sir, I was a ragged, friendless boy, but my heart treasured up your kind words as priceless jewels; and now the time has come when I may, in some measure, repay them with interest."

The old man moved his pale lips as though he would speak; the banker resumed instantly:

"I am alone in the world; my mother is dead, and my little sister, whose last words were of your kindness, has gone, years ago, to her eternal home. I owe everything to you; and now I have a favor to ask."

"A favor, and of me!"

"That you will henceforth allow me to provide for you, and consider me as your son. My carriage is at the door, and will take you wheresoever you wish to go. But a moment first."

He took a tiny volume from his breast, bound in faded velvet, with claspings of tarnished gilt.

"This book was my dead sister's Bible; it lay on her pillow when she died, and since that hour it has been my constant companion. There is a passage here that has ever been present to my mind since your kind deed gave hope and courage to my life."

He opened the volume, and, through a soft mist of grateful tears, the old man read the scripture words:

"*Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.*"

STRYCHNINE.—This poison, which has of late become so notorious in its abuse, (we cannot say use,) is the most uncertain in its action on the human frame; in some producing instant death; the same dose in others only bringing on tetanic convulsions, and in a lucky few no effect at all; and this does not appear to have any relation to the physical strength of the patient. It is a whiteish crystaline substance and is extracted from the nut of a tree called strychnine *nux vo mica*. This tree grows in Ceylon, is of a moderate size, and has thick shining leaves, with a short crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich, orange colored berries, about as large as golden pippins. The rind is smooth and hard, and contains a white pulp, of which many varieties of birds are very fond; within this are flat, round seeds not an inch in diameter, covered with very beautiful silky hairs, and of an ash-gray color. The nut is deadly poison which was well known and its medicinal properties well understood by Oriental doctors long before Europe or America had heard its name. "Dog-killer" and "fish-scale" are translations of two of its Arabic names. The natives of Hindostan often eat it for months, and it becomes a habit, like opium eating, with the same disastrous results—They commence with taking the eighth of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution spasms result. The chemical tests for it are numerous, but only one or two can be relied upon as thoroughly accurate.—*Scientific American*

THE HISTORY OF TOWNS.—It is getting to be quite common to write the history of towns. Hardly a month passes but we see a notice of some such book that has appeared or is about to appear. It is well to preserve an account of the early settlement of various parts of our country in some such manner. Every town can afford incidents and characters of interest, not only to present inhabitants but also to the general reader. Most of the towns in New England, in addition to the ordinary hardships of pioneer life, had to contend with the savages with which the country was originally inhabited. The border warfare that lasted over a hundred years wherever civilization met the Indian, affords instances of courage and endurance unequalled in the days of chivalry. To collect and record such matters is the duty of the town or county historian.

Many of our towns have yet unwritten histories. They may never be written, yet to those who have the leisure and the inclination it will be a matter of interest to gather up and preserve in some suitable form all the authentic historical traditions in regard to the town in which they reside. Soon the older inhabitants whose settlements in the town was nearly contemporaneous with its birth, will be gone and there will be none from whom these things can be learned except at second hand. A collection of all items concerning each town to be found in newspapers from day to day, would be of value, hereafter at least, and towns in which newspapers are published should keep files of the same and have them preserved by binding.—*Ex.*

The following letter from Ex. Governor Slade to the recent Anti-Slavery Convention, at Bradford, we insert because we think it profitable in these temporizing times to present the subject from a high point of observation.

MIDDLEBURY, Jan. 20, 1858.

N. R. JOHNSTON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: I have received your favor inviting me to attend and address an Anti-Slavery Convention to be held at Bradford on the 26th and 27th of the present month. I am sorry to be obliged to say, that my health is such as to forbid an acceptance of your invitation.

The leading purpose of the proposed Convention, as expressed in your letter, is, to "initiate a moral movement" in regard to Slavery, "on a higher platform than that occupied by the leading political parties. In this purpose I heartily sympathize. Efforts are certainly needed to give greater depth, and breadth, and strength, to the existing Anti-Slavery feeling.—It needs a new impulse—a higher tone. It wants more heart—more of the vitalizing influence of Christian principle. Opposition to Slavery is necessarily connected with political parties, and political contests. The tendency of this is, to corrupt its morality—to substitute a flexible rule of political expodiency, for the unbending rule of right. There are drawn within the Anti-Slavery current, great numbers, who, either from want of reflection or want of principle, fail to get to the bottom of the question, and act from motives, which slight changes of circumstances may render powerless for any earnest effort in the right direction.

The public heart should be fast anchored to the great fudamental truth, that all men are *equal before God*, and, of right *equal before human law*; and that, to set up an *ownership* in a human being is a direct invasion of the prerogative of of Him who has said, "All souls are mine," and said it in a sense altogether different from His claim of ownership in "the cattle upon a thousand hills," inasmuch as a rational, responsible being is different from the brute that perishes, and that is expressly given to the ownership of man by the great Proprietor. To claim property in man, and to treat him as property, is, therefore a flagrant wrong—a high crime.—It stands quite above all questions of political economy—of pecuniary loss and gain—of the competition of Slave with Free labor; and even above the demoralizing influence of Slavery itself.

The great, broad, deep, everlasting distinction between right and wrong must take possession of the public heart and conscience. God's authority must be held supreme. There must be felt the force of a law higher than human,—a law before which human laws and constitutions must bow—a law whose sanctions reach into the great future, when human laws and constitutions shall have passed away, and masters and slaves shall stand together, upon a common level, before "The judgement seat of Christ." How insignificant and unavailing will *there* appear all the pleas and pretenses here resorted to, to justify human Slavery; and yet *that* ordeal is but a step before the men of this generation!

With sentiments such as these great truths are fitted to inspire, must this nation be penetrated—ministers of religion—churches—rulers—people—politicians partizans—all! All must feel that there is a God who abhors oppression, and who will not hold guiltless the unrepenting oppressor, or the unrepenting nation that countenances and sustains the oppression. No attempted Anti-Slavery reform will prove effectual, into which a conviction of the inherent wrong of Slavery, and of responsibility to the God of the oppressed does not enter as a fundamental element.

Much, it is true, may be accomplished through the agency of other causes. Motives of interest may operate; and political parties may be organized; but neither can be counted on for the *steady* and *enduring* influence that is needed. In the ever-shifting phases of party contests, fundamental principles may be lost sight of.—The public morality may become debased and corrupted, insomuch that even the efforts of a party, organized for Freedom, may degenerate into a struggle for mere victory and the spoils. Thus as the political contest now being waged, waxes warmer, and men are nerved with heroic energy to withstand the aggressions of Slavery, is there and increased necessity of vigorous efforts to infuse into the contest the Christian element. It is the salt needed to preserve from corruption.

I do not discountenance party organization or party effort. I rejoice that a party is formed to resist the aggressions of Slavery. I pray that it may be successful. It shall not want my humble co-operation. But I have very little hope that it will succeed, unless it shall feel a higher inspiration than can be drawn from motives of political expediency. If mere politicians, lusting for office, should, in an evil hour, get possession of the party machinery, and control its movements, I should look for no Anti-Slavery triumph which would not involve the terrible compensation of deep and wide-spread political corruption. It might be long before the victorious Republican party would become as corrupt as the present dominant political party has become, in the twenty-nine years of its downhill progress; but without the conservative influence of which I have spoken, it would, most assuredly, go in the same direction. And what a direction! What a result! I can hardly imagine a lower deep of corruption than has been reached. I feel deeply the aggressions of the Slave-Power; but they are not, in my judgement, more dangerous than the growth and consolidation of the dominant party, with the President of the United States controlling its movements, and enforcing his behests by holding the rod of removal over the heads of forty thousand office-holders, stationed in every city and village throughout the country; while Executive favors are the well-known bounties for enlistment in his service.

What a *combination* here rises to our view! The overbearing, domineering, all-grasping Slave-Power, joined to the chronic corruption of a great Central Government, sending the pestilential influence of party patronage to the remotest extremeties of the Union. Oppression and corruption combining to consolidate their joint empire over a land consecrated by Revolutionary blood, to purity and freedom!

There seems indeed just now, some prospect that this combined power may be broken. Confusion has been sent into its counsels. The author of the wicked repeal of the Missouri Compromise recoils from the result to which the Slave-Power has pushed its pretensions, under that repeal; and he now stands in a position of antagonism to the Administration that is attempting to force a Slavery Constitution on Kansas, in flagrant disregard of the clearly expressed will of its people. I fervently pray that this breach may never be healed; but I am going to wait a while before I indulge an assured hope that it will not be healed. *The Slave-Power may get more than an equivalent for this unexpected opposition, in other concessions to its claims!* If such concessions can be made with *safety to the party*, they *will* be made. Its leaders have no hostility to Slavery, which is not entirely subordinate to an all-absorbing desire to sustain the party, with its rank corruptions, and the prestige of its name. I am thankful for all the aid derived from mere politicians, from appeals to selfishness, and from the divided counsels of those who make merchandise of politics; but here is not the main reliance. There will be no safety in *the approaching storm*, but in the sheet anchor of Christian Principle. If I understand the object of your meeting, it is to *hold on to this anchor*. In this I am with you fully; and heartily bid you God speed.

Yours for Truth and The Right,

WILLIAM SLADE.

WHAT ECONOMY WILL DO.—It is said that the New York Central and the Hudson River Railroads have gained more in reduced expenses, during the past six weeks, than they lose in the falling off in gross receipts. This same remark will apply to many other cases. People generally are saving as much by their systematic economy this year as they are losing by the interruption of business, and they live better and happier on the account also.

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out ob Eden?"

"Well I spose he climbed de fence."

"No, dat ain't it."

"Well den, he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out."

"No."

"I gubs it up, den."

"He got *snaked* out. Yah!"